

THE LIGUORIAN

In the Service of

OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

February 1930

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THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

VOL. XVIII.

FEBRUARY, 1930

No. 2

Meditation

Hours and days that pass us by
As they fly;
Building up in numbered years
Smiles and tears.
As they fly we mark them not,
Soon forgot.
Though they come no more again
With the rain
As the flowers of spring that blow
Come and go.

Time's wan hand shall turn the page,
And old age
Stands, an unexpected sight,
In the light
Where the valley slips away
From the day.
Shadows of the afterglow
Ebb and flow;
Waning day to darkness calls
Evening falls.

Snowy brow and withered cheek
Seem to speak
Of the deeds that come no more,
Gone before;
Dear ones of the past appear
Shining clear;
As they watch us from afar
Like the star
Twinkling in the sky so bright
Through the night.

Measure not in length of days
All thy ways.
Life but leads to moth and rust;
Then to dust.
God is love and Lord of all
Great and small.
He remains when all is past
At the last.
In His haven with the blest
There is rest.

—Bro. Reginald, C.Ss.R.

Father Tim Casey

THE WORLD AT A GLANCE

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

Father Casey was in his pet nook in the ruined Colosseum. It was the seventh arch on the right as you come in from the Roman Forum. He would often sit there on hot afternoons saying his breviary while Lawrence Dwyer roamed about seeking adventure, making friends with the babies and setting up prizes for foot races and jumping matches among the boys. The good priest had developed a feeling of proprietorship over that particular corner and over that particular chunk of marble that served him as a seat. He always experienced a sense of personal injury when he came and found his claim already preempted by an Italian laborer stretched full length peacefully sleeping away the torrid hours.

There were numberless other places among the ruins quite as cool, but Father Casey wanted that particular place. When he was there, seated on that broken Corinthian capital, his back braced against that massive block of Travertine which supported tons upon tons of similar blocks, he could see directly in front of him the exact spot in the glistening sand where his favorite boy saint had suffered martyrdom. There to the left is the mouth of the panther's den. Out of that dark hole came the panther blinking his cat eyes in the sudden flood of sunlight. He circled the arena lashing his sleek sides with a nervous tail, came back through the center where that black cross now stands, stopped and glared at the martyr. A moment he crouched then with a lightning spring he buried his fangs in the throat of the fearless boy, and they came down together, a muffled thud upon the sand. Father Casey could see where Ceasar and the Vestals had leaned over the balustrade to enjoy the spectacle, and from the tiers of seats just above his head he could hear the bellowing of the blood-thirsty rabble. Indeed he had grown to know them so well that he could actually distinguish some of the voices. Of course he had no documentary evidence for all these details. But it happened somewhere in the Colosseum; why not here as well as anywhere else? He had so often sat here and pictured the whole scene in just that particular setting that he had almost begun to believe it must have been so.

Having finished the Office of the day and knelt for a few moments, on the very ground where martyrs had knelt before, to recite the "Sacrosanctae," he settled back to dream on the glories of the Colosseum. The shouting of the boys at play outside around the Arch of Constantine, the buzz of conversation among the women who gossiped over their knitting, did not disturb his reverie. All formed a natural part of the picture. Suddenly, however, he became conscious of something which decidedly did not fit in the picture—a singsong harrangue in abominable English.

Siss is ze Flavian Anfeeteeatro, commonly called Colosseum. Eet was bill' by ze imperial Flavia Familee. Eet is one-third of mile in circumference; 615 feet across zees way and 510 feet across zees way."

It was a professional guide reciting his piece to the weary, sweaty, dust-begrimed victims of a "conducted tour." Father Casey's dream was shattered. Horrors! there was a loud-mouthed youth grinding a cigarette under his heel in the very spot where the martyr fell. Never again could that spot serve for the martyrdom; the whole setting would have to be changed. But when the guide announced: "Feeftteen minutes to see ze Colosseum," the priest groaned in despair.

"Larry," he called, "let's go. This is too much. They have fifteen minutes to absorb the spirit of this temple of martyrs; no doubt they are 'doing' St. Peter's in twenty minutes and the Vatican Museum in a half hour."

They had just reached the exit when Dwyer cried: "Well, what do you know about that! If there isn't Helen Stader in that bunch!"

This excellent young woman, the tireless worker, the tactful leader, the guiding spirit of every worthy undertaking in St. Mary's Parish, had caught sight of the two friends from home and came running to greet them.

"Helen," Father Casey exclaimed, "it is a rare pleasure to meet you beneath the arches of the Colosseum of which we spoke so often in St. Mary's School. Tell us of your journeyings. We knew you had been planning a trip to Europe, but we did not know what country you intended visiting."

"I would not be satisfied with visiting *one* country; I want to see as much as possible while I am here. We have visited Ireland, England, Scotland, France, Switzerland, and Italy in five weeks. Some of the party will remain three weeks longer and see Austria, Germany, Hol-

land, and Belgium. But I am so worn out that I have decided to give up that part of the trip and join those that sail for New York next Saturday."

"Ten countries in eight weeks! Who is responsible for that outrage against suffering humanity?"

"Father, this is a conducted tour."

"The perpetrator of that conducted tour should be shot at sunrise," he stormed; "six countries for \$375, eight countries for \$450; ten for \$498.99. One would think they were selling balloon tires or sausages. No wonder we see American tourists tearing madly through these quiet lands leaving in their wake clouds of dust, gasoline stench, and groups of outraged natives cursing American pride of purse and lack of manners."

"Now, Father Tim, I was expecting a few crumbs of comfort from my old pastor, not a savage scolding like this."

"Do not refer to me in public as your *old* pastor, Miss Helen, lest I retaliate by figuring back how long ago I had you in the First Communion Class. Besides I am not scolding you. If this conducted tour is making a show of you it is not your fault. But when your speeding auto half blinds a poor Campagna peasant woman, how can she know, as I do, that you are a well bred girl at home, that you can say 'please' and 'thank you' and that you beg pardon gracefully when you happen to tread on somebody's toe?"

"Let him get this off his chest, Helen; he'll feel a hundred per cent better," was Lawrence Dwyer's suggestion.

"How long are you scheduled to stay in Rome?" Father Casey asked this question so fiercely that the young woman was almost afraid to whisper:

"Four days."

"Four days in Rome!" he roared. "Four days! Four days in Paris would be a crime; four days in Florence would be insanity; but four days in Rome is—is a sacrilege."

"They said if we remain here any longer we cannot possibly see the other places."

"You do not mean *see* them; you mean *pass* by them. You are not *seeing* anything. What did you take this trip for anyhow?"

"Why, for a lot of reasons—the same reasons that bring most people to Europe. For instance, pleasure."

"And do you mean to tell me that you find genuine pleasure in being herded from the boat to the train and from the train to the hotel, and hurried through the Tower of London and rushed through Westminster Abbey and Buckingham Palace with blisters on your heels and a cinder in your eye and not even a moment to rest your weary bones?"

"And information. We are willing to put up with these inconveniences to add to our stock of information."

"What information? If you can trot fast enough to keep up with your guide you will hear how high is the Eiffel Tower and how many millions it cost to build Montmartre. You would get more and better information sitting under the pergola at home reading an atlas."

"Oh, Father, just a moment." She fished among the medals, powder puffs, rosaries, headache tablets, and cracked souvenirs in her handbag until finally she brought out the crumpled prospectus of the "Conducted Tours, Inc." "Now I can tell you why I journeyed abroad. Education. The prospectus says foreign travel is education. Mingling with people of other nations, sharing in their home life, studying their customs, broadens the mind, opens up new vistas—"

"How much mingling did you do? You saw nothing of their home life and very little of their customs. Unless perhaps the coffee was a little weaker and the butter a little stronger, your hotel in Pisa differed nothing from a hotel in Chicago."

Miss Stader, who thoroughly enjoyed tantalizing Father Casey, had taken another look at the prospectus. "Culture. I came abroad for culture. The old-world treasures of painting and sculpture and architecture, the atmosphere redolent of classic memories—"

"Yes, treasures of architecture—a half-hour in St. Mark's, Venice, a half-hour in the Dom of Milan, a half-hour in St. Peter's. What earthly benefit can you derive from that? Treasures of painting and sculpture! You run through the Vatican Gallery where there are a thousand masterpieces, each one worthy of lifelong study. I suppose you gave one glance at the Stanze of Raffaele which are of such importance that a library of books have been written on them."

Helen continued to read from the prospectus. "Soothing calm for frayed nerves, renewed health and strength for overworked bodies."

The priest waved his hand in protest. "Tell that," he cried, "to your bedraggled companions who are on a constant strain to keep up with the schedule of eleven countries in three weeks or whatever outlandish

performance the program calls for. Furthermore, Helen, I know you had another motive for coming to Europe not mentioned in the prospectus—piety, devotion to the heroes of the faith. That purpose failed as pitifully as the others. It is no help to piety to be rushed through a church with a group of irreverent sight-seers and not given time even for a prayer before the Blessed Sacrament."

"But remember, Father Tim, we have only a few months at the most. We must visit as many places as possible during the brief time at our disposal."

"Why? Since that mercenary method of trying to get as many countries as possible for the money, that idiotic practice of rushing by everything and seeing nothing, affords you neither pleasure nor information nor education nor culture nor edification, why should you do it?"

"Because everybody else does it. When I get home and meet other people who have been in Europe, they will ask: Did you see the Louvre? Did you see Lourdes? Did you see Lake Lucerne? Did you see Pompeii? If I always have to answer, No, they will say: Oh, that's too bad. We saw them. They are lovely."

"And so that is the real purpose of your trip—to make as big a goose of yourself as those that went before you! Then go right on; you are a perfect success."

"But, Father Tim, what would you have one do—spend all the time in one place?"

"Exactly. And let that time be as long as possible, months, or better, years. If, by postponing your trip, you can make a much longer stay, then by all means postpone it. Settle on one place; Rome, for instance. Before coming read everything you can lay your hands on concerning Rome—Rome of Romulus and Remus, Rome of the early republican times, Rome of the Caesars, Rome of the martyrs, Rome of the Popes, Rome of the Garibaldians, Rome of today. Come directly to Rome; don't confuse your ideas, waste your precious time, squander your money with side trips; come directly to Rome. Don't go near hotels; keep out of automobiles, shun Americans. You have all these at home. Go at once to board with a private family, if possible, a family that has never kept a boarder before. In your rambles about the city, walk, or, at most, take a tram or a carozza. Mingle only with Romans."

"Father Tim, don't talk nonsense; I do not know a word of Italian."

"You don't need to. You have a head and a pair of hands; use them to talk with. Make friends with the children; pay a little daily visit to the cripple or the invalid upstairs or next door. Tell the mothers their babies are sweet, for truly they are, these bright-eyed brown Roman babies. The mothers will understand you; the language of the heart is a universal language. Throw away the guide book, and roam about the city at your own sweet will. Do your buying in the little shops that make no pretense of catering to foreigners. Go to Confession to a Roman priest who knows just enough English to tell you to say five Our Fathers for your penance. Visit the historic basilicas, above all St. Peter's, again and again. Just go in and hang around; pray, dream, rest. The hundredth visit will bring you far more joy than the first. Single out some quaint old church in a crooked side street, and go there every morning for early Mass and Holy Communion, but be sure to make it a very early Mass so as to catch a bit of the spirit of the sturdy little mothers who come to pay their respects to Our Lord before the family is out of bed. Have a pet nook among the ruins of the forum and the temples and the baths and in the shade of the old city walls and of the broken aqueducts, where you can sit and read and watch the living and brood over the dead. Tramp the Appian Way; join the processions in the catacombs. Take an occasional run out into the surrounding hill country, not to visit any famous place, just to spend the day in some mountain village, and if you do not know the name of it, so much the better.

"Follow that program," the priest continued, "which you will not find in the prospectus of any conducted tour, and your stay abroad will be a source of genuine pleasure, it will rest your tired nerves, restore your health and spirits, add to your store of first-hand information, broaden your views, increase your understanding of human nature, improve your education and culture, and foster deep solid piety. There is only one evil consequence of following out this plan."

"What is that, Father?" the young woman asked in quick alarm.

"After you return to America and think over these happy days in Rome, your heart will break with longing to be back here again."

Give yourself, your time, your health, your energy, your talent, whatever you possess to him who has need of it.

The English Martyrs

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

On Sunday, December 22, of the year just past, one hundred and thirty-six English martyrs were beatified at St. Peter's in Rome. That is, the Holy Father after due deliberation and investigation, declared that these one hundred and thirty-six men and women died willingly by the hands of persecutors for the sake of their religion. They were those who paid with their lives for their fidelity to the Catholic Church—the Church of England for centuries,—during the reigns of Henry VIII, Elizabeth and Edward VI, by whom the new religion was foisted and fastened upon the land.

This event, of course, fills us with admiration for these true men and women; it makes us love more and more the Faith which inspired such heroic fidelity in them; it encourages us in the practice of that same Faith which is also in us; and it offers food for various reflections.

In the first place what strikes us is the character of the martyrs. There are among them ninety-seven priests, sixty-five of the diocesan clergy; twenty-one Jesuits (including two lay brothers); eight Benedictines and three Franciscans; there are also thirty-nine lay people, of whom three were women.

Besides, all social grades are represented in that band of heroes—from the peasant to the peer—the laborer and the gentleman.

This consideration leads the editor of the London Universe to say: "Little more than two centuries have passed since the last of them suffered death for their unflinching fidelity to the Church which, less than two centuries before, was still undisturbed the traditional Church of England. And within that short space of time what a glorious record of devotion and fortitude is contained in the deeds of that marvellous company of heroes! The laity share with the clergy the crown that was superbly won by constancy unto the end, under sufferings and tortures equaling the most barbarous horrors of any age. The poor and the humble, the high-born and the wealthy, have left to us the same sublime example of invincible fidelity.

"Here a friar strangled in prison; there a printer martyred for persisting in publishing Catholic books; schoolmasters hanged, drawn and

quartered for teaching the Faith to children, or for refusing to renounce it themselves when they were faced with death and frightful torture; men and women who sheltered outlawed priests in their homes, until discovery brought upon them also the fate of outlaws; such are only some instances of the heroism and self-sacrifice that received its supreme honor from the Church of Christ when the Pope pronounced the decree of beatification that Sunday."

ADMIRATION AND INSPIRATION

Again, when we consider the story of the brave deaths of these martyrs in its details, we are filled with admiration and are inspired to a like fidelity.

Among these martyrs, for instance, were three women—all brought to trial because they harbored priests in their homes, and done to death because they refused to be untrue to their Religion. While all three died as martyrs, Margaret Clitherow, the gentlewoman, was especially heroic. The story of her last moments is told thus:

Carrying over her arm the garment in which she wished to die, she was led out in procession to the old Tolbooth on Ouse Bridge. Crowds were massed on the bridge to see her pass. In a few moments she reached the stone chamber of death. She knelt down to pray, and women put the garment on her. Then the Sheriff ordered the killing.

"Margaret's hands were tied to posts and a great oak door was dragged towards her. Under her back, as she lay on the floor, they put a sharp stone, about the size of a man's fist, and the door was placed on top of her.

"Four men came forward carrying heavy stone weights, and put them on the door. The Sheriff called for more weights. . . . The martyr's bones gave way, and blood poured from under the door. But the martyr was still conscious, and must have heard the Sheriff calling for still more weights. She called on Our Lord for help, saying she was suffering for His sake, and between her gasps she pleaded with her torturers to finish their work.

"More weights were brought; Margaret's gasps ceased.

"This heroic mother died for harboring priests and for sending one of her boys to a Catholic school. Her husband was a weak individual and conformed to the new religion, but her two sons became priests, and her daughter, Anne, escaping from England, became a nun."

Among the laymen beatified are two members of the Howard family,

Blessed Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, and his grandson, Blessed William. For years Philip Howard had given up the practice of his religion and had, in consequence, enjoyed every privilege, even the favor of Queen Elizabeth. But he returned and at the age of 38, gave up his life for the Faith.

The London Universe tells their story thus:

ARUNDEL AND STAFFORD

Blessed Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, was arrested with his wife and family on board ship while crossing the Channel in order to practice his Faith without interference.

For years he had enjoyed every privilege and pleasure which his position, wealth, intellectual gifts, and the favoritism of Queen Elizabeth could confer upon him. Now, at the age of 27, he began over ten years of torture, physical and mental.

After three years in the Tower of London, he was charged with having prayed for the success of the Spanish Fleet and for having asked for a votive Mass of the Holy Ghost for the same intention. (Concerning this latter accusation, he wrote to his wife that he did not know there was any such Mass, so recently had he returned to the Church of his baptism.)

He defended himself resolutely at the trial, and in spite of his great yearning to see the wife and children whom he had at one time neglected, but to whom he had since become devotedly attached, refused to say the word that would have brought him freedom.

Every day he expected to be his last. Then in August, 1595, he contracted a fatal illness. He asked the Queen to let him say good-bye to his wife and to see his youngest son, who had been born while he was in prison. The Queen refused, except on condition that Philip would go but once to the Protestant service. Philip refused. Right up to the last he maintained his courage and cheerfulness; his chief regret was that he had "but one life to lose in so good a cause."

At the age of 38, this gallant nobleman, now emaciated and completely broken in health, breathed his last almost in the shadow of the gallows awaiting him.

Philip's grandson, Blessed William Howard, Viscount Stafford, was also imprisoned in the Tower, eighty-three years later. Unlike his grandfather, he met his death on the scaffold—he was beheaded—but like his grandfather he showed he knew how to die like a nobleman.

At the age of 64, in the year 1678, he spent his last Christmas in prison. Four days later he was taken out for execution.

On the scaffold, he delivered a graceful speech, ending with a prayer for the King, for pardon for his own sins, and an entreaty that his death might not be revenged upon the nation nor upon his enemies.

He knelt down to pray, offering his life to God as "a willing sacrifice of gratitude, piety and love." Rising, he saluted the crowd, and told them they had as good and gracious a King as ever reigned. He bade them be faithful to His Majesty. The crowd doffed their hats to him.

Then he knelt down by the block, kissed it, and laid his head upon it. Apparently there was some delay. William questioned the executioner, and the man said: "What sign will you give, sir?"

"None at all," replied the martyr. "Take your own time. God's will be done. I am ready."

Still the executioner lingered, saying: "I hope you will forgive me?"

"I do," came the ready reply, and the axe descended.

A GOOD EXAMPLE

Our papers recently have been full of the accounts of the marriage of Prince Humbert of Italy and Princess Marie Jose of Belgium. One little phase of it, however, was not given such prominent mention; it may be because the happy pair were too modest to mention it to the reporters; it may be because they thought it not as interesting as some bit of crime news or scandal. But it appealed to me as a bit of true Christian sentiment and charity.

The royal couple expressed a wish that all who might desire to bestow gifts on them, would make some gift instead to the poor and unfortunate. The result was that many generous donations towards charitable works were made on their wedding day, benefiting thousands of unfortunates.

Happy indeed could these young people be with the blessing of heaven called down upon them in heartfelt gratitude by thousands as they started in their married life.

Smiles cost less than electric light and they make the home brighter.

Riverdale---Twenty Miles

F. J. KINSELLA, C.Ss.R.

The summer begins early in the fashionable resort known to wealthy Americans as Rock Point. Like a dutiful mother vigilantly watching her babies, the Sandy Beach Hotel, spacious, rich, towers above the hundred or so little cottages that dot the curved shore line of Lake Watego. It is May. The golf links in their fresh coat of green are more inviting than ever. The splendid park is clothed in the fragrant garment of flowers and brightened by the lively song of the birds, while the fresh green lawns, and the tenderness of the new foliage of the trees simply enhance the beauty of a beautiful summer resort town.

Across the street from the Sandy Beach Hotel and two blocks from the station is the office and garage of the Rock Point Taxi Company. This concern had hired only yesterday a man of rugged countenance, shabby dress, and having on the whole the appearance of one of ill-repute. The man was John Harmon and he was now employed as a taxi driver.

Now that the summer was approaching, the 3:10 always brought a fair amount of passengers to Rock Point. Today among the new arrivals to the town was a young woman of remarkable beauty and graceful bearing. She crossed the station platform, observing as she did so the general aspect of the town with all the calm unconcern of one long familiar with the scene. She passed along the sidewalk in search of a suitable service car.

"Taxi. Taxi, lady?" John Harmon sprang to open the door of his car, hurried to assist the young lady with her grips, and then surveyed her with a glance shrewd as it was polite. The young woman wore a dark blue traveling suit with a becomingly delicate white lace collar. Harmon had never seen anyone quite so pretty as this girl with the sparkling blue eyes, slightly upturned nose, and the auburn tinted hair. The girl was Elmira Rivers.

"Straight to Riverdale," she announced perfunctorily.

"Yes'm. Would you care to sit in the front. It is a long drive." The suggestion was not too bold in view of the fact that the taxi was nothing more than a large touring car, the front seat being capacious and comfortable.

"It makes no difference. No I shouldn't mind," replied the girl.

Smoothly the car was turned into the idle stream of traffic, and was soon gliding over the wide road as it curved its way along the lake shore. The sun beat down on the water, warming at the same time the gentle breeze that came in across the blue ripples. Occasionally Harmon glanced at his fair passenger. Elmira Rivers had removed her snug little hat, in this way giving to the soft kiss of the wind her silky bobbed hair. The grace and beauty that shone on her comely, but in no way languishing face, were heightened and intensified by the bright glow of health and youth. This girl was the youngest daughter of the old Captain of Commerce J. Hodge Rivers. She was now returning home from a convent school in the East, after an absence of nearly five years. Her return was as sudden as it was unexpected—hence the taxi.

The car continued its way along the lake shore. And after a while the young lady began to talk. She asked questions about the town. She inquired about her father's home. Did Mr. Harmon know the place? How long had he lived in Rock Point? In answer to this last question she was told that it was only during the last ten days Rock Point was able to boast of the residence of citizen Harmon.

"I'm glad to get back," Elmira sighed. "People are so precise in the east. Out here we can do as we please and no one is offended. Were you ever in the east?"

"Yeh, when I was in the navy," Harmon lied. Such a remark seemed very compatible with the man's character.

"Really?"

"Sure. Great time in the navy. Plenty of water in the Atlantic, isn't there?"

There was a pause in the conversation. Elmira thought that she had never met such a strange person before. Some moments passed before Harmon asked if Miss Rivers had known a James Riley of New York.

"We got a telegram from a man of that name this morning, telling us to have our best car at the station to meet you," said the taxi driver.

"I know Mr. Riley real well. He is a good friend of mine. It was very thoughtful of him to wire you."

"Yes, it was kind of thoughtful, wasn't it?"

Before leaving the city limits there arose in the path of the car the imposing structure of St. Rose's Catholic church. Its well kept property and neat lawns only augment the gentle beauty of its fine Gothic

architecture. Elmira Rivers ordered the car stopped. She wished to visit the church. After a short stay, she returned, her rounded face radiant with a happy smile. She spoke with ill disguised pleasure:

"That is where I made my First Communion."

"Is that where you go to church?" asked Harmon disinterestedly.

"Yes," replied the girl simply.

"But that is a Catholic church."

"Sure it is a Catholic church. Aren't you a Catholic?"

"I guess so, but not much of a one. Guys like me have no time for this church-going stuff."

"Will you tell me what kind of a man can that be who has no time for God?" demanded the young lady seriously.

"Guess he ain't a very good man," conceded Harmon, not wishing to join combat with a feminine tongue and a girl's arguments. "I've been a lumberjack for years and they don't do much praying and church going, that is, if they are kind of careless."

"Indeed."

A frown settled on her girlish face as Elmira lapsed into silence. Nothing except the steady, powerful hum of the motor, not even the song of the birds, succeeded in disturbing the stillness of the countryside. On the right the blue waters of the lake reflected the dimming light of the afternoon sun; and on the left, coming to the very edge of the concrete, stretched the plains and the hills, the fields and the woods, all garnished with the fresh colors of spring. Nor did the enchantment of it all decrease when there came into view the winding gravel road that cut the green earth between a thinned plantation of stately elms, until it reached the majestic portals of the mansion owned by the millionaire Frederic C. Caltan. Elmira reveled in the splendor of the scene. She surveyed it from the velvet lawns to the great marble portals of the spacious veranda.

"Isn't that a wonderful estate?" she remarked.

"Sure is. I was going to rob it the other night."

"Oh!" came the faint scream from Elmira's lips.

"What is the matter?"

"But you are not a robber, are you?"

"I'm apt to be anything when I'm hungry. I'm too good a man to die without food."

Elmira was not a little vexed at the strange conduct of her chauffeur.

Inwardly she questioned his sanity. Trying to stifle a slight tremor of fear with hurried conversation she said:

"That is the Caltan home—they are very wealthy." She talked of how well she knew the Caltans; how she loved Marie and her sister Helen. "I'm going to visit them in the morning," she said.

"You ain't going to visit them tomorrow," said Harmon laconically.

"No?"

"They've gone away. The whole asylum has shipped for Europe."

"I did want to see them so much. Did Dick go, too?"

"Huh?" John Harmon showed a mild interest in the name.

"I said, did Richard Caltan go to Europe with the family?" There was a note of anxiety in her voice that the driver had not failed to notice.

"I couldn't say. But that name you mentioned sounds kind of familiar. I've been looking for a chap by the name of Dick Caltan for about three years. And let me tell you one thing, that it won't go so good on that tenderfoot, that weakling, if I get a crack at him." Anger blazed from Harmon's dark eyes. Elmira, too, was alarmed and angered.

"What do you mean?" she said coldly.

"I mean that this fellow Caltan, as you call him, came into our camp one night looking for a job. He was such a sap that he met hard going. He had a couple of fights on his hands, and after a spell he played me false. See."

"I don't believe it," snapped the girl, her eyes flashing with little darts of fire.

"Don't have to. But if I ever get hold of that guy I'll tear him apart." I'll—I'll—"

"I think you are crazy. Such talk." Elmira began to show some of that dauntless intrepidity, that fearless self-command that had so colored the life of her prominent father. Her voice sounded in an even and domineering tone. "I will have you know that Richard Caltan is the finest man I ever met. I loved him five years ago, and I haven't changed. Moreover you are not going to sit there saying all those things about him. I don't believe a word of it." Her pretty lips compressed determinedly.

After a sharp turn in the road, the massive, sombre lines of the old

homestead at Riverdale came fully into sight. If the Caltan estate had been attractive by way of lavish ostentation, the property of J. Hodge Rivers was alluring by dint of sheer simplicity. One could not help being charmed by the layout of the grounds. Harmon sent the car up the road, lined as it was on both sides with rose bushes and flower beds that extended from the entrance up to the picturesque lagoon, over which the car had to pass before halting at the front driveway.

When the machine had turned off of the lagoon bridge, the front lawn was plainly visible. There Elmira saw a tall man with shining black hair, and clothed in white flannels. A cigar jutted from his lips. He was reading. But when the police dog at his side gave a low growl, he looked towards the approaching car. At the sight of Elmira Rivers a look of pleasure showed itself in every trace and feature of his handsome countenance. He came to meet her.

"Well, look how my little girl has grown up to be the loveliest lady of the land! My little sweetheart." Elmira had sprung from the auto, and how small and demure she appeared in the arms of this big young man with the black hair.

"Is Papa home?" she asked.

"Of course Dad is home. But he doesn't expect you for another two weeks. I got your letter, Sis, but I couldn't tell him after all the promises you had me make." George Rivers then turned to settle with the taxi driver.

"Did you get that telegram from Riley this morning?" asked Rivers.

"Sure. And it worked, too," responded Harmon. "Was it your idea, George?"

"Sis, come here a minute. Looks like that convent education overlooked the training of your powers of observation. Didn't you recognize this man who drove you out here?"

"Elmira, I want to retract some of those awful things I said about Richard Caltan. I'm mighty glad that you didn't believe them," spoke the erstwhile taxi driver.

"Why Dick!" she stood back aghast. "How could you play such a trick on me?"

"Because Jack Riley and your brother told me to," said Richard Caltan. "He said that you would never recognize me, and that the surprise would do you good."

In her confusion and surprise Elmira rushed into the house. Indeed

very few should have recognized Richard Caltan, so great was the change that he had undergone. His face had filled out and had taken on a swarthy complexion. Driving a taxi, shabby and unkempt, her immaculate Dick! Not more than a minute after Elmira had entered the house, did the old tiger face of J. Hodge Rivers appear in the door. His heavy bulldog voice boomed across the field:

"What's all this trouble about? Eh? What's the trouble?"

"Nothing at all, Dad. We played a little trick on Sis, and she hasn't quite recovered," informed George Rivers.

"What's that?" Who is this tramp?" asked the father, turning to Richard Caltan.

"I'm Richard Caltan. Remember me?"

"Yes, I remember you," growled J. H. Rivers. "What do you want now?"

"Nothing, except that I got to do some explaining to your daughter." With a snarl or a growl or perhaps an oath the old man turned towards the house, mumbling some harsh sentences on the silly younger generation.

"Come here, Elmira; I want to apologize. Perhaps we were much too rude about this joke." When the girlish figure had crossed the lawn Richard was at her side.

"I don't know whether I'll forgive you or not. Perhaps never." Dick thought he read a smile on her dainty lips.

"You remember what you said in the car?" he pleaded, as he thought of the staunch defense she had made for him.

"I remember saying that I have no time for a man who didn't go to church or who was a bad Catholic."

The young man laughed outright. "Why, Elmira, I've been to Mass and even to Communion every day since the first of May. If you don't believe me—" Elmira's happy smile interrupted him.

KEEPING THE GATE

A penitent, who was somewhat reckless in his speech, asked his director for permission to wear a hairshirt to mortify his flesh.

"My son," said the old, experienced priest, laying his finger upon his lips, "my son, the best hairshirt is to watch carefully all that comes out at this door."

War and Famine in China

A LETTER FROM A REDEMPTORIST MISSIONARY

Siping, China,

Nov. 13, 1929.

Dear Confrere:

I am writing this letter from Siping, a town which is situated at a distance of three days' journey from Suanhwafu via train and which is nestled in the Province of Honan, the center of this great Republic. Here Divine Providence has placed me with two Fathers and one lay-Brother.

As you know, our work in China is twofold: to found the Congregation of the Disciples of the Lord and to establish our own Congregation. Thanks to the grace of God, the Congregation of the Disciples of the Lord is waxing strong—there are nine novices and a good number of aspirants to the novitiate. But we have met with much difficulty in trying to establish our own Congregation since the natives are very nationalistic and inordinate lovers of their own traditions which make them hate anything foreign. But why worry? God is almighty and He will raise of these stones true children to our Father Abraham, Saint Alphonsus.

Siping has a population of 30,000 inhabitants and only ten families are Christian. At present there is a great movement towards Catholicism. Feng-yu-siang, a famous Chinese general, destroyed the pagodas, demolished the idols and expelled the priests. The havoc has caused many a native in quest of religion to come to us.

What shall I tell you about our little home and Church? Here every kind of inconvenience finds its peaceful rest. Lest I exaggerate too much I will not even make an attempt to draw the horrible picture our little property presents. However, I shall tell you this much—having spent many a night without closing my eyes on account of my unwelcome guests, the rats, which like rabbits infested my room, I decided that the best thing to do was to capitulate and let them do as they would, hoping they would not eat me alive. Our little Church presents a really sad sight; with all due reverence, I must say that the most miserable hut in the wilds of Texas is a palace when compared to our Church. For the services in this cathedral of ours, the three

of us use a little chalice, a mere toy, which we brought to say Mass on the boat—two albs and a cope which we have borrowed. From Valencia we are expecting two more vestments. Wonderful must be the faith of the newly converted that enables them to embrace a religion that has such miserable temples for its worshipers. The few faithful of the place attend daily Mass and they always sing their morning and evening prayers. With these few of the fold, great crowds of pagans are wont to join us, some of whom are already catechumens; and these, we hope, with the help of your prayers, soon to bring into the Fold of Christ.

We are studying the language—four hours daily of class, with five of study. Our professor is a Chinese Protestant—he and his wife come to hear Mass and want to join us—we shall see. The newly converted are a good example to the old.

At present China is suffering from the terrors of a civil war. The Headquarters of the Revolutionary party is just a few miles from us and we constantly see their airships and military trains pass through our territory. According to reports, this war has been the severest China ever suffered and, what is worse, is the fact that victory seems to favor the Communistic army. Last October there was a meeting of 50,000 workmen and after they had destroyed 60 street cars they passed the following resolutions:

- (1) We must kill Chang-kai-sek (the President);
- (2) We must kill the municipal and provincial authorities;
- (3) We must destroy not only the Street Car Company but also the Post Offices, the Telephone Companies, the Electric Companies, Water, etc., lest they hinder our plans.

Till now we have suffered nothing from the war though we are ready to undergo any suffering for the sake of the Master and the souls redeemed by His Blood. The Protestant missionaries have acted quite differently. At the first movement of the revolution, they fled as merchants, leaving their flocks alone. You need not worry about us since God must watch over us. The ravages of the war are of little account when compared with the disaster caused by the bandits who hold full sway over the land left clear by the soldiers who have gone to the front. The bandits keep their stronghold a few miles from Siping—they number 3,000 strong—they are well organized—blood and ashes is all they leave on their ruthless march. It is a pitiful sight to

see family after family coming to Siping in search of shelter. All these left their homes and farms to the mercy of these robbers. Thirty-three catechists have found a place of refuge with us. The other day, we witnessed a horrible scene. Our house is built close to the city wall; at supper time we noticed that big clouds of smoke and mighty flames were climbing over the distant sky; we ran to the top of the roof and lo! there at a short distance from our own city, two villages were being devoured by the flames of a mighty conflagration. The bandits had just robbed all the money and whatever else they wanted, and killed those that could not escape—and right at a distance of a few yards was the mangled corpse of a youth of sixteen whom they had murdered just before he could reach the city wall. His body must have been there for several days for the crows had already begun to feast on his flesh. All this we saw with our own eyes.

I could tell of other events witnessed by others of trustworthy reputation but I shall confine myself to my own. These bandits also attack the poor missionaries. Five, from the neighboring province, have been murdered; a catechist from our district was also killed; nay, our own Prefect Apostolic was arrested and could not leave the place of his imprisonment. He spent twenty-five days of misery untold and finally escaped, thanks to his fine pair of German legs. A few months ago three Belgian missionaries with their Bishop were assassinated. Since our city is within walls and since these bandits have not attempted to attack a city like ours, we are more at rest; besides, we have a guard of 300 soldiers. The war and the bandits have brought about nothing but misery; about 20,000,000 inhabitants are dying of hunger.

Besides our own Siping, we have charge of one hundred towns which are about half a mile apart from each other.

Here you have an account of our share of suffering at Siping. I wish you were here with us.

I wish you would ask Father Rector or Father Prefect to help us; if they could only send us some stipends, about one hundred of them, we will be eternally indebted to them. At present I am superior at Siping and I have decided to put the pictures of our benefactors in the corridors. The American Fathers are our guardian angels who have helped us not only spiritually but materially as well and I am sure they will always be most gracious to us.

Padre Sanchez is Superior at San Cristobal de Tachira.

Your devoted confrere,

José Moran, C.Ss.R.

P. S. We just got notice that we are about to be attacked by a band of bandits, about 2,000; these are men who once lived near our city.

THE KING'S KISS

One day, we are told, Nicholas I of Russia, met in his antechamber one of his adjutants, who with evident signs of great agitation approached the King to ask for a favor.

"Speak," said Nicholas I.

"My Lord," replied the man, scarce controlling his excitement, "permit me to fight."

"Never!" replied the Czar who hated dueling and punished most severely those who engaged in it. "Never!"

"My Lord," persisted the adjutant, "it is necessary. I must fight to clear my honor."

"Tell me, why?"

"Someone struck me a blow in the face!"

"Ah," said the Czar, as if reflecting. "Still I cannot permit you to fight a duel. Come, come with me." And taking the soldier by the arm and led him into the chamber where the whole court was assembled, and in the presence of all kissed the cheek that had been struck.

"Go, now," he said, "and regain your calm of spirit; your affront has been washed away."

We have no Czar Nicholas—but our Heavenly Father caresses us no less tenderly if we, for His sake, forgive.

A TEST OF VOCATION

Father Herman Cohen, famous convert from Judaism, when in doubt about his vocation to the religious life, went to the great Dominican preacher, Lacordaire, and consulted him on the subject.

"Have you the courage," said Lacordaire, "to let yourself be spit upon in the face and say no word?"

"Yes," answered Herman.

"Then," was the response, "go and be a monk."

St. Louis, King of France THE NOBLEST ATHELING OF ALL

A. H. CATTERLIN, C.Ss.R.

From the main tower of the grim old Louvre gay and brilliant pennons and banners were flying in the breeze of a bright crisp December morning. And from a balcony high up in this dark tower was unfurled the Royal Oriflamme, the standard of the King of France.

The ceremonies of the coronation over, another important function is to take place: The boy King is to receive the oath of fealty from his feudal lords; an occasion that the Queen Mother had looked forward to with great anxiety. So few of the great families of the realm were present at the coronation. Blanche feared they would also refuse to take the oath of allegiance to her son. Well she knew the bitter jealousy and ambition of these powerful barons and of their absolute control over their vassals. How many of them would respond to this call of loyalty to the young Sovereign? At this thought the brave Queen Regent turned pale.

A blast from the trumpets rang forth. It announced the approach of the lords with their lieutenants. They were to approach mounted, and in full armor, their standard bearers preceding, and immediately following the barons were the chief Knights of their respective baronies. They took their places according to their rank in a semi-circle facing the tower, and from the balcony, wearing crown and ermine mantle with the sceptre of royalty in his hand, the monarch received their feudal pledge.

As the blast from the trumpets died away, the sounds of horses' hoofs on the stone flags announced the approach of the lords. But in the interior of the Louvre, all through the royal castle, there was intense anxiety. The young King was no where to be found. The Queen Mother was almost beside herself with fear. As she, in company with his tutor, was hurrying through the long corridor overlooking the rear court, her quick ear caught the plaintive whine of beggars' voices, and loud shrill cries of gratitude and applause. Blanche clutched the monk by the broad sleeve of his habit, fairly dragged him to the casement window, and commanded him to open it. The great windows swung apart, and there below in the court, near the "beggars' gate" they saw

the young King giving out gold pieces with a lavish hand to the shivering and hungry poor. All of his biographers tell us that this was the young King's greatest delight, to dispense alms to the poor. "Friends of Christ," as he called them.

Blanche, with all her severity, could not chide him. So happy was she to find him unharmed that a fervent "Thank God, he is safe!" was all that she could say. But the tutor-monk, responsible before all others for the young King's safety, deeply frowned his displeasure, and with a stern voice said: "Sire, for this you shall be punished. Surely, your Majesty knows," continued the monk, "even at this moment the lords are waiting your presence to pledge to your Majesty the service of their swords." The young King blushed his confusion and regret as he raised his handsome young face and said: "It grieves me much that I have caused this worry to my Lady Mother, and to you, Venerable Master. I did not bethink me that time was passing so quickly. But, I pray thee not to be angry with me, for these poor people also pledge their fealty to me. They also are my retainers, and they help me more with their prayers than my knights do with sword or lance."

Quickly he followed his mother and tutor to the tower. The ermine cloak is thrown about his shoulders, the diadem of France is placed on his fair young head, the sceptre of power in his slender hand, and he steps out on the balcony with his mother and tutor on either side. Blanche gasps with dismay as she sees her fears realized. There below on the stone paved court are very few of the lords of France. Only five had come to swear allegiance to their King. They were Ferrand of Flanders, whose faithful service Blanche had won by freeing him from captivity. He had been a prisoner in Paris for thirteen years. Then there was the powerful Count of Champagne, most important was his allegiance because the territory of Champagne was so situated that he could at any moment cut off the food supply of Paris, and hinder communication between Paris and the east and south of France. The third was Peter Mauclerc, Regent of Brittany. Blanche had paid him a large sum of money to take this oath, for she dreaded his enmity. But this was money wasted. No sooner had he spent the money, when he forgot his oath of fealty. But the heart of Blanche rejoiced when she saw the grim old warrior and statesman, Matthew de Montmorency, and the brave John de Brienne.

The thought that gave Blanche the keenest sorrow was that she or

rather her nationality was the cause of this defection. She knew of their refusal to obey a Castilian as their Regent and an Italian as their Prime Minister. Her latest offense was that she had admitted to her councils the Cardinal Sant-Angelo, Papal Legate to the court of France.

And Blanche knew that on that very day the crown of France was to be offered to Enguerrand de Coucy, a vicious old man, whose lands did not even rank as a barony, but who was a near kinsman of Philip Augustus and allied in blood or by marriage to nearly every great family of France. She had learned the crown had been furnished by a certain goldsmith of Paris, and the rebellious old nobleman was to have it placed on his head behind his impregnable ramparts of Coucy. But we must bow to the genius of Queen Blanche. During the years of her regency she conquered these recalcitrant nobles either by force of arms, or through her supremacy as a diplomat, and when, seven years later the young Queen of her son was crowned every baron of the kingdom was there to felicitate the young Queen and her nineteen-year-old groom, King Louis. In the short space of seven years Blanche had won or subdued all the enemies to the crown of her son, Louis IX.

The following incident will show how quickly Blanche won the love of the lower classes, and how closely she had bound them to their young Sovereign.

Peter Mauclerc, Regent of Brittany, who just a few months previous had pledged his fealty to the young Monarch before the "Great Tower" of the Louvre, broke that oath and entered into a conspiracy with Hugh de Lusignan, the Count of La Marche, to carry off the young King, not with the intent to do him harm, but to keep him apart from his mother. It was well known how fond Louis was of all outdoor sports, and especially of riding out with hounds and falcon. It was planned that while hunting with his courtiers he was to be seized, and held a prisoner. But somehow the plot reached the ears of Theobald of Champagne and he warned the Queen Regent in time. She took refuge with her son in the royal castle of Montlhéry, one of the strongest fortresses of France, with secret passages under ground, facilitating escape in case of need. The burgesses, apprentices and students of Paris, hearing of the plight of their King and his mother, armed themselves immediately and rushed to the rescue. And from every village and farm house along the road a steady stream of stalwart peasants rushed out to swell the throng, so that the number of heavy

scythes and pitchforks almost equalled the number of spears and swords. From his castle of Montlhery to the very gates of Paris every foot of the road was guarded by a continuous line of his peasants and his loyal citizens of Paris. And thus the young King was brought safely back to the Louvre. He loved to recall in after years that memorable ride from Montlhery along an avenue of stately poplars lined with his loyal subjects who shouted as his coach passed by: "God send a good life and a long one to our lord, the King, and guard him always from his enemies."

He told his courtiers, too, how when safe back in the Louvre, his mother took him in her arms and wept with joy as she clasped him to her heart, exclaiming between her sobs: "Child, child, bethink you always how wonderfully God has delivered you from the hands of your foes, and never forget the love and loyalty of our good people who armed so readily in your defense."

As the years of boyhood were speeding by, Louis was developing into a tall active youth. His mental attainments kept pace with his physical development, and that, together with his great piety and moral excellence, lead us to say that he was the "Ablest Atheling of the Century."

An "Atheling," as we understand the term of medieval times, was a young man not only of noble but of royal blood and of the royal princes who was eligible, on account of his virtues and prowess, to ascend the throne. According to Saxon law and Norman precedent the nearest blood was not necessarily chosen to fill the vacant throne. It was the duty of the Council to select as monarch that member of royalty most likely to be gifted with "the ruling arm." And while this law did not obtain in France, still we venture to say that of all youths of royal blood, a more able atheling than St. Louis could not be found either in France or in all Europe, and that, too, not only during the period of his minority, but throughout his century. No Prince showed such bravery, and such kindly traits of character.

His remarkable bravery was shown in the autumn of 1228, when he was a mere boy of thirteen. At this time news was brought to the royal palace that the implacable enemy of the crown, Hugh de Lusignan, Count of la Marche, was in open revolt, and that his stepson, King Henry III of England, had taken up arms to assist him, and was already at Nantes, as the guest of the treacherous Peter Mauclerc of

Brittany, who had also joined in the revolt. Queen Blanche decided on an immediate attack and that the young King himself was to take the field. Louis at once sent word to Peter Mauclerc stating that he in person would be with the troops, and said to this unfaithful vassal: "Come with me or against me, but come you must."

Peter absolutely ignored this summons, therefore, the campaign began by an attack on his castle, the Breton Fortress, Bellesme. It was here that Louis showed so clearly the kingly traits of his character. He insisted on sharing every hardship that his soldiers were called upon to endure. And not experienced enough to lead the troops, Louis fought as a common soldier, and in every charge, in every attack he occupied a place in the front ranks. A great wave of loyalty surged passionately in every heart for the brave, eager-hearted lad of thirteen, ever foremost in the attack, ever pitiful and compassionate for the wounded. The defense of the castle was vigorous and prolonged, but at last the royal banner of Louis floated over the highest turret, and the young King tasted victory for the first time.

In the elation and joy of victory, perhaps even more than in the danger of battle, Louis showed the nobility of his character. Though his heart was raised in gratitude to the God of Victory, and his young voice rang out in the "Te Deum" of praise, still tears of pity streamed down his face as he saw the carnage it had cost. And we see him, young as he was, kneeling among the dead and dying, registering a vow never to unsheathe his sword save in defense of his people, or his Faith.

As he advanced to young manhood his bravery increased, as did his thoughtfulness and compassion for others. Louis IX possessed a strong nature and an ardent temperament. In consequence his temptations were great, his passions were strong, his struggles for the mastery of his heart were severe. But he curbed and conquered his nature by penance and prayer. All of his biographers tell us that even in his youth he insisted on corporal punishment being administered after each confession, and he faithfully confessed every Friday. When the Confessor of his youth had died and he bared his shoulders to his new director of conscience, he bade the priest to take notice how well his previous confessor had done his duty. Those poor shoulders of the King were actually seamed and scarred from the scourgings he demanded as a penance for the faults he had just confessed. Today

such heroic penance is sneered at, and called fanaticism. But how inconsistent are the people of the world, because we know the pain men and women will undergo for the sake of their bodies, to regain their health, or even to improve their appearance, and sometimes, even, that they may sin with greater pleasure. And this young soldier of Christ who was struggling for his soul's welfare, for his welfare in eternity, is sneered at for the smarting of his body that he might hold it in subjection, and thus keep his soul unstained in the sight of God. But for all his spirit of prayer and penance, his was a joyous and radiant nature. He fairly radiated happiness throughout the grim old castle. He was loved by all who knew him, and he was especially dear to those of his own flesh and blood.

Louis gloried in the thrill of the tournament, and of everything that pertained to the life of a soldier and knight. He was a master swordsman, and no one held a firmer seat in the saddle or wielded a more wary and accurate lance.

His first instructor was Guerin, of the Knights of St. John and Bishop of Senlis, finally Chancellor of the realm. He it was, as we have seen, that brought the news of the death of Louis' father. Guerin saw to it that Louis was drilled and exercised and perfected in all that pertained to the calling of Knight.

On his piety, his self-restraint, his physical prowess, on the complete mastery of his heart, we base the claim that Louis was the Ablest Atheling of the Century.

His next instructor was Brother Pacificus, a former Knight and of Italian birth. He had laid aside the armor of the battle field for the humble robe of the Sons of St. Francis. This holy religious was as learned as he was pious. It was Brother Pacificus who trained the young King in the arts and sciences, and instilled into Louis' soul his own great love for poetry and music. And we read that Louis eagerly sought those of his castle who were gifted with sweet voices and spent happy hours with them in composing roundelays in the praise of virtue, and hymns to the Mother of God.

I might mention in passing, simply to give another human touch to the character of this great Saint, that he was very fond of playing chess. His skill in this game became famous all through Europe. He said that he found in it a peaceful image of waging war; he also said that it gave him opportunity to study out many of his original plans and tactics in the defense of his cities.

But there was one recreation of which he was extremely fond and it was that of hunting with hounds and falcons, so fond of it was he that he had to be on his guard lest it degenerate into a passion. "My time is not my own," he used often to repeat. "I fear to waste in hunting the hours which by right belong to my people."

As to money, all of his historians agree that the only pleasure it gave him was to use it in giving alms to the poor. He was thrifty in the management of his lands and farms that he might have more money to give in charity to the poor.

Throughout all his life Louis had a strong attraction to the religious life; his one great desire was to consecrate his life to God either as a member of the Order of St. Francis or of St. Dominic. It was but a natural result of his longing to be united to God, to commune with Him in the quiet and seclusion of the monastery.

Louis traveled a great deal with his tutor and instructors to different parts of his kingdom. When there was no royal manor in the neighborhood the King and his retinue lodged in some abbey or monastery on the road; and the cordial hospitality he there received but deepened his reverence for everything connected with the cloister. What a unique sight it must have been to see the young King following with the greatest joy the daily routine of the monks. He would even stand in their ranks after night prayers to receive in turn a blessing from the Superior and to kiss the Superior's hand in token of reverence and obedience. At the monastery in Royaumont, where he spent many a peaceful and happy day, Louis had a little room or cell kept in readiness for him. In the chapel where the monks chanted the divine Office he had his place reserved. The young King insisted in dining with the monks, and the frugal fare served at the monastery table was good enough for him. He delighted in working side by side with the silent monks in the harvest field or in any manual labor they were engaged in. Truly his heart was there with these pious religious, and in taking leave of them many times the tears flowed freely. "Oh, Father Abbot," he would say, "let me remain with you, do not let me leave your peaceful home! Oh, let me stay where all is so peaceful and where the love of God reigns in the hearts of all."

Then the venerable old Abbot would kneel and kiss the young King's hand, and say in his quiet, earnest voice: "Remember, Sire,

you are our King! You do not belong to yourself, you belong to France. God will reward your earnest desire of consecrating your life to Him in the quiet of the cloister, but you must sacrifice this desire, you must sacrifice yourself, you must sacrifice everything, and the sacrificial altar is the throne of France."

No man could have loved his wife more than Louis did Margerite, his Queen, and no father could have been more devoted to his children, still the heart of Louis never ceased to long for the cloister. His heart always remained, till its last hour, with the humble, silent monks, in their humble, silent monastery.

We cannot wonder, then, that Louis so earnestly took the part of his young sister Isabella, when there was question of betrothing her to Conrad, son and heir to the Emperor Frederick II. Blanche was very much in favor of this alliance, and the Pope was hopeful that it would bring peace to distracted Italy. But, Isabella, who today is honored on our altars as one of the Saints of God, had made a vow of chastity when she was only thirteen years of age. She wrote to His Holiness that she considered a virgin consecrated to God to be far superior in dignity to all the queens and empresses of the world. She longed to serve God in the Order of St. Clare, but years were yet to elapse before the death of her mother set her free to follow the divine call. At last her heart's desire was granted. Isabella spent nine happy years in her convent and died there in the same year as her saintly brother.

Summing up the excellent qualities and virtues of our young King, we maintain again that he was the Ablest Atheling of the Century.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

THE GREAT LEVELER

Father William Doyle, Jesuit Chaplain during the World War, while searching for the wounded one day on a battlefield of France, chanced upon a stricken Ulsterman and began to help him in his last moments.

"Ah, Father," said the man, "I don't belong to your Church."

"No," replied Father Doyle, "but you belong to my God."

And the holy priest assisted him in his preparation for death.

The intensest pain and the intensest joy lie close together.



Archconfraternity OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

The Name Perpetual Help INSPIRES CONFIDENCE

St. Alphonsus, in that golden book: Visits to the Blessed Sacrament and to the Blessed Virgin Mary, thus addresses the Blessed Mother in his eighth Visit: "O our own most amiable Lady, the whole Church proclaims and salutes thee as 'our hope!' Thou, then, who art the hope of all, be also my hope. St. Bernard called thee 'the whole ground of his hope,' and said: "Let him who despairs hope in thee." Thus also will I address thee: My own dear Mary, thou savest even those who are in despair; in thee I place all my hope! Mary, Mother of God, pray to Jesus for me!

What else does the Saint say, excepting that Mary is the source of his confidence in God; of his confidence that God will help him in all his needs of body and soul! Yes, the Saint was always depending on Mary; always asking her intercession; always praising her when preaching of her glories and prerogatives; always seeking to inspire the poor people to whom he carried the message of salvation with confidence in the power and the mercy of our heavenly Queen.

The picture of Our Mother of Perpetual Help was, during the lifetime of the Saint, in hiding and obscurity. And even with no direct knowledge of its existence he seems to call our Mother the Perpetual Help of Christians. There are but few prayers of his in which the plea for help is wanting; in which his great hope, confidence and expectations of her favors are unexpressed in so many words. Why should a saint be so apparently reliant on Mary's prayers? He knows that she is the "whole ground of our hope."

Examples draw us to imitation. And the example of St. Alphonsus has ever been an inspiration to all his spiritual sons to be, like him, dependent on the Blessed Mother of God for all things.

Precepts of the saints, too, are a living exhortation to us to do as they bid us do—in the things that pertain to the salvation of souls. And St. Alphonsus has left an injunction to his children (the members of his own order of Priests and Brothers) never to forget Mary. His missionaries must never preach the exercises of a mission to the people without devoting at least one sermon to the praise of Mary; the praise of her power and her goodness to those who invoke her aid. Thanks to God, his sons have always carried out this command of his. Their obedience to his wishes in this has caused their works to be crowned with the greatest results. How many souls have they snatched from the grip of Satan through this sermon alone! And how many countless souls will, in the final Judgment, render testimony to the wondrous effects of this salutary preaching. The confidence which these sermons aroused is alone testimony enough to prove the saint's contention that Mary, under any title but especially under the title of Perpetual Help, is the Mediatrix of all graces.

Then, the title in its very wording is calculated to fill us with confidence. We know that in every hour of our lives God must be near, helping us with His graces. And, if then we call Mary "Mother"—it immediately reminds us of the child who runs to its mother with its every want and need and trouble. If we add: "Perpetual Help"—we think not alone of the child in its small needs and wants, but of mankind and its needs. The needs of mankind are so many that to try to enumerate them is impossible; for, one has this need and another that need and a third still another. Yet, multiplied as are these needs, Mary is ever ready to be of assistance to those who will call on her for aid. Indeed, she needs to be the Mother of Perpetual Help since there are those among us who will try to carry on without the help from heaven which all of us must have. They will go on and on trying to get along without God. Finally, however, they must acknowledge that without God nothing is possible. And here, precisely is where Mary fits in so well. Having neglected God for a long time—the poor deluded and proud spirit is almost afraid to approach the Almighty directly. Hence he goes to God through Mary—the Help of those who have for a long time neglected God and His inspirations. She becomes his helper to a reconciliation with the God whom he has, in his pride of intellect, almost despised. Perhaps it is the prayer of St. Bernard that inspires him to go to Mary. If it is so, then the title of Perpetual Help is again

the source of his confidence toward a reconciliation, for, Mary, even in the Memorare of St. Bernard, is the Mother of Perpetual Help. "Remember, O Mary, that it was never heard or known that anyone having recourse to thee has been abandoned!" What else does this signify excepting that she is always ready, always kind, always granting a hearing even to the least deserving of God's creatures!

Of a truth, the very name Perpetual Help is an inspiring name. It fills with confidence all those who love Mary; it instills hope and begets confidence even in the hearts and minds of those who have been untrue to her divine Son; it reminds us one and all of the office of our heavenly Mother as Mediatrix of Graces—no matter what grace we happen to be in need of.

Mother of Perpetual Help, thy very name inspires us to call on thee in all our needs! Pray for us, O Blessed Mother, that we never forget thee!

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Dear Father: According to a promise made some weeks ago: If Our Blessed Mother of Perpetual Help would obtain the grace of Holy Confession and Holy Communion for a patient who was quite ill—I make this acknowledgment of receipt of favor. The prayers were answered in an almost miraculous manner. The priest had been called for another patient altogether. But he heard also this patient's confession before leaving the hospital.

Further thanks to Our Blessed Mother for four similar favors through her intercession in the same hospital."

"A Nurse—Chicago."

* * *

Dear Father Director: Please read this letter to the assembled congregation. Last summer my nephew practically lost his mind as a result of an automobile accident. He lay in a hospital for seven weeks. All medical aid seemed to fail in efforts to bring back that mind. The doctor in charge of the case told me that nothing short of a miracle would ever bring back reason again. Then I turned to Our Mother of Perpetual Help. Thanks to her intercession the impossible has happened. We had a Holy Mass read every week at the shrine for a year—and now Our Mother has heard our united prayers. Health is re-

stored entirely to my nephew; his mind is also clear again—to the surprise of everyone who knew of his sad plight. I wish this reading to thank Our dear Mother of Perpetual Help for what she has obtained for us.”

* * *

Dear Father: I wish to publicly thank Our Mother of Perpetual Help for the wonderful financial aid received throughout the time my husband was out of work. Now he has, through her intercession, found a good job. Thanks again to her for this second favor.

And the third great favor is that he actually accompanied me to Holy Mass on Christmas day and promises to do so again on New Year's day. I am enclosing a stipend for Mass of thanksgiving.

Please, Father, publish this thanksgiving that others who have been discouraged may take courage, invoke the aid of Our Mother of Perpetual Help and find in her the patron they need and the encouragement they desire.” Chicago.

* * *

Dear Father: Recently my mother underwent a very serious operation and was very ill after it. There was fear for her.

I promised the Mother of Perpetual Help to make public thanks if mother recovered. Mother is now at home and able to be about.

Enclosed an offering in thanksgiving. Kindly have published in THE LIGUORIAN. Chicago.

* * *

Dear Father: Kindly acknowledge by publicly reading. I have asked for the grace of conversion of my husband, who had fallen away. This prayer has been heard. Enclosed Mass is to be in thanksgiving. And for this Novena I ask the grace of perseverance for the members of my family. Of course, I also ask for a return to perfect health—if it be the Will of God. Thank you, Father.” Chicago.

* * *

Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: I promised publication if my special favor was granted. The first day of the Novena I prayed to you that I would get a raise in salary. The second day of the Novena I received it.

* * *

Dearest Mother of Perpetual Help: Last Saturday, the very first day of the Novena, I was so depressed and so discouraged at the pros-

pect of not being able to meet the payment on a note that is due today; but I felt so rejoiced and so confident after having received Holy Communion and attended Mass that I knew that my difficulty was practically solved, and I promised publication of this, which to me is a wonderful favor, coming especially at this time when my husband's wages have been cut and every penny is so badly needed to provide for our little ones. Words fail to express my gratitude and love for you, and I am so happy, dear Mother, to pass on even this bit of encouragement to others who are sorely pressed as I was on the very first day of the Novena.

* * *

Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: I had prayed long and hard for a favor and thought it was not God's will that it should be granted. But I kept on praying, and so did many friends, and it has been granted. I was subject to epilepsy, and through your guidance I have found a doctor who is helping me. I want this to be read in the public devotions that it may induce other petitioners to keep on praying.

* * *

Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: Some time ago I asked for the return of his health for a business man. Though not completely well as yet, he is much improved, for which we wish to thank you.

* * *

Dear Mother: Many, many thanks for answering my prayers. Six months ago my husband lost his work, due to ill health. Six weeks ago I started the Tuesday Novena in your honor, and the second day after the second Tuesday his former boss phoned for him to start work. Now, dear Mother, I am asking you to help him keep his health. Also, the third day of the Novena you answered a very important favor that I had asked the first day of the Novena. It was to bring a party back to his own parish he had left, due to a misunderstanding; it had caused lots of trouble and talk. This party now is so happy he sheds tears of joy. Many thanks for all the favors granted, which are too numerous to mention.

* * *

Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: I want to thank you for a favor which I received on the fifth day of the Novena. I was out of work and needed money badly, and, thanks to you, dear Mother, I now have steady employment.

Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: I wish to thank you sincerely for the many favors I have received through your intercession. I have promised publication if my favors were granted, and in thanksgiving I am having a Mass said in your honor. I continue to pray for other petitions, and I am assured you will help me.

MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

D. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

Let me call when the shadows close round and round
And the world with their darkness fill,
When no light leads me on and my faith seems gone—
Let me call on thee, Mother, still.

Let me call when the way seems so long and drear
That I yearn for my home and rest,
When my sore lagging feet fain would cease their beat—
Let me call on thee, Mother blest.

Let me call when the lure of sin beckons sweet
And its charm bids me bide apart;
When I'm thinking there's light where it's darker than night—
Let me call on thy Mother heart.

Let me call when I stumble along life's road—
When I fall—when I lie in pain;
When my heart has despaired and my sins lie bared—
Let me call on thee once again.

Let me call when the sunshine is beaming bright,
And it's peaceful along life's way;
When the dark days are o'er and it's tranquil once more—
Let me call on thee all the day.

Let me call when my journey is nearing its end—
When my steps must so careful be!
Thou hast traveled the road—Thou hast reached God's abode—
When I call—take me home with Thee!

Catholic Anecdotes

A FREETHINKER REPENTS

Before his death, M. Ernest Vaughan, a well-known French political journalist and freethinker, who retired recently, repented of his long-sustained attack upon religion.

If he had learned sooner, he declared, the harm caused by materialism and atheism, he would have spread the truth without fear of ridicule.

M. Vaughan entrusted his last thoughts to his friend, M. Gustave Herve, editor of *La Victoire*, who was himself until twenty years ago a champion of revolutionary and anticlerical Socialism. M. Herve now preaches the necessity of a return to Catholic traditions.

These are the words of M. Vaughan:

"My Dear Friend: I am shortly going to leave you. Before the end I am anxious to make a declaration to you before my sons. You know how, since my childhood and throughout nearly the whole of my life, I have mocked at religion, my own as well as yours. (M. Herve is of a Breton Catholic family.) All my Republican generation did the same.

"Now at the moment of my departure, fearlessly, and moreover, I can say without reproach, I declare that in company with all republican adherents, I have erred egregiously, and we have wrought inestimable harm to the country.

"Today, I am certain, absolutely certain, that it is impossible to base a civilized society on materialism and atheism.

"No doubt the religious explanation of the mysteries surrounding us is not clear to our poor human reason; but the explanations of the Freethinkers and of the atheists are less clear still, and certainly much less consoling.

"I wish to tell you that I am in full accord with you now. If I had discovered these truths sooner, I would have propagated them as you have without fear of what anyone might say, without fear of ridicule, without fear of sarcasm.

"I authorize you to publish what I have told you for the edification of the younger generations. My conscience is free."

M. Vaughan, who was over eighty years of age, had been an ardent supporter of the Left Party in its policy of banning all religion. He was associated with M. Georges Clemenceau and conducted several of his newspapers.

This account reminds us of the death of M. Georges Clemenceau. Although he was not a Christian, he always wished to be cared for by the Sisters, ever since he learned of their devotion at the age of fifteen, when he underwent an operation in the clinic on the Rue Bizet. The Sisters took care of him to the end. And although he professed his atheism almost to the end, one of the Sisters who was with him, declares that in his last moments, during the night, she heard him weep and cry out three times in poignant tones: "My God, my God, my God!"

THE WISDOM OF A SAGE

Haroun Al Raschid was seeking a man to fill the place of his Grand Vizier who had recently died. After many candidates had been refused, the Prince in disguise one night came upon a man in the poorest part of the city whom he saw giving his own meagre supply of food away in charity—and spending the rest of his time in prayer.

"Here, indeed, appeareth to be a wise man," said the Prince. "I will test him further."

So he approached the holy man and said to him: "Friend, I would ask thee three questions, for which I long have sought an answer. When, dost thou think, is man greatest?"

The poor man was quick to answer: "When he laughs amid his tears; when he suffers and is silent; when he labors, though he foresees he shall never be paid."

"Where is woman greatest?" asked the Prince again.

"By the cradle of her child; by the couch of the dying; at the feet of God," was the answer.

"When is God greatest?"

"There are no degrees in God," said the man devoutly. "He is always greatest and best!"

Then Haroun Al Raschid approached and embraced the poor man and invited him to come with him to his palace. He had found the wise man whom he had been seeking.

Pointed Paragraphs

THE HOLY FATHER AND RETREATS FOR THE LAITY

On December 20th, just past, the Holy Father issued a long letter to the Universal Church on the subject of Retreats for the laity. It is of so great importance and of such direct application to our lay people that we ought to give it in full. But since our space forbids, we must be content to quote some of the salient passages.

First, Pope Pius XI points out the gravest dangers of our time. He says:

"The worst disease that afflicts our age, the most pregnant source of evil, is its levity and thoughtlessness, through which men lose their way. Hence arises that continual and eager distraction in external things, that insatiable desire for wealth and pleasure which slowly extinguishes in the minds of men the inclination for things that are more excellent. It implicates them so deeply in outward and passing things as to prevent all thought of eternal truths, of divine laws, and even of God Himself, the beginning and end of all."

As the best remedy against this evil, under God's ever-present grace, he declares to be retreats:

"We must fight against this sickness of the human race. And what better help and remedy can we propose than the invitation of those weakened and careless souls to the devout quiet of the Spiritual Exercises? In these Exercises an opportunity is given to a man to get away for a few days from ordinary society and from strife and cares, and to pass the time not in idleness, but in the consideration of those questions which are of perennial and profound interest to man, the question of his origin and his destiny, whence he comes and whither he goes. If no more than this were attained, surely no one will deny that the Spiritual Exercises would justify their existence."

And yet this is not all that the Holy Father expects from lay retreats. He sees emerging from them a better and nobler manhood and womanhood. He continues:

"But they have still greater advantages. By the fact that they bring men's minds to deeper and more careful scrutiny of thought, word

and deed, they marvelously develop the human faculties. They become a kind of spiritual gymnasium where the soul trains itself to weigh things carefully always—the will is made strong, passions are restrained by thought, action and contemplation are brought into harmonious interplay, and the soul attains its proper stature and dignity.”

As to the value of these retreats, the Holy Father goes on to say:

“First of all, the Exercises must be made in retreat, and away from the distraction of ordinary occupations, as the ‘Imitation of Christ’ so beautifully says: ‘It is in silence and quiet that the devout soul advances.’

“Public Spiritual Exercises are certainly good. They are to be promoted by pastoral zeal. But we wish particularly to insist on closed retreats.

Besides, the Spiritual Exercises require a certain length of time in order to have their effect.

“But if we wish to have all the advantages enumerated above the time should not be too short.”

“Lastly, a most important condition is to make the Exercises according to a wise and practical method.”

It was only a few days after this encyclical letter was written and even before it was published in this country, that the Third National Conference of The Laymen’s Retreat Movement met at Detroit.

About one hundred and fifty representatives of various dioceses and religious orders—priests and laymen—gathered there to deliberate on ways and means to spread the movement for more retreats and more men to participate in them.

The Holy Father’s letter might almost serve as the summary of the conclusions of this conference—if not in the resolutions expressly adopted, at least, in the thoughts it awakened in the minds of those who joined in the deliberations.

FROM AN UNEXPECTED SOURCE

A non-Christian professor of the Imperial University of Kyoto, Japan, has been giving radio talks in Osaka during the past year, during which he has made frequent and reverent reference to the “Blessed Virgin of the Christians.” The subject of his talks was: “The Young Girl of Japan Today.”

The professor stressed, in particular, purity. "Purity is not a fiction," he said; "it has been realized in its perfection by the Mother of Christ, whom Christians like to call the 'Virgin of Virgins.'"

"Our young girls in Japan," continued the speaker, "are trained to become good wives and mothers. Here, again, the Christian 'Madonna,' the 'Mother of God,' is their most perfect model. The imitation of Holy Mary will do more for the education of our young girls than the heroic example of any one of the women famous in our national annals."

During the past summer the Osaka Mainichi, a newspaper having a large circulation, published a series of articles on the training of young women, and likewise held up the Christian Madonna as a model for all mothers and future mothers. The paper was influenced perhaps by the professor's radio talks. Raphael's celebrated "Madonna of the Chair" was used by the Mainichi to illustrate its article.

THE STRUGGLE NOT YET FINISHED

Writing about the English Martyrs, of whose beatification we speak elsewhere in this number, the Bishop of Salford in England, Dr. Henshaw, says in a Pastoral Letter to his people:

"The greatest mistake anyone could make would be to imagine that the struggle is over and the victory won, or that because we live in easier circumstances than they, we shall never be called upon to stand firm to Catholic principles in the face of a strong temptation and serious sacrifice.

"But even in these spacious days of religious tolerance, the Catholic living in a non-Catholic country may have to endure tests of constancy and prove the steadfastness of his faith; and as we know full well it does not need the fear of death to make an apostate. The hope of a life of greater ease or the prospect of a rise in the social scale for oneself or the rising generation can tempt one from loyalty to the Divine Master and the Church.

"The peculiar temptations which beset the faithful here and now are too many to be enumerated. But we may recall a few. Such as the lure which draws some to sacrifice religious principles for the sake of honors.

"The inducement to swear blind obedience to organizations which are, for good and sufficient reasons, condemned by the Church but

which offer their members the assurance of wider and more profitable business relations or more lucrative offices.

"The attraction of a marriage outside the Church or at best of an alliance which is only tolerated by the Church and which may be a lifelong source of difficulty to the Catholic party and a danger to the souls of the offspring. The persuasions so shamelessly held out to man and wife to indulge in perversions which outrage God, degrade man and woman and make Matrimony itself unholy.

"Then there is that more subtle snare which is laid for those who have children, perhaps many children; who love their children and who wish to equip them for the battle of life better than they themselves were equipped. This latter snare is one which awaits poor parents who cannot pay for the higher education of their children and may be tempted to take advantage of the offers of free education which are open to them in schools where their religion is not taught.

"All these difficulties and temptations can be very real even for the good, conscientious Catholic. They are not to be despised, but the recollection of what the Martyrs were prepared to suffer and what so many others have borne rather than be false to their Faith should nerve us to endure and resist as they did."

AN ACT OF FAITH

I hope the editors of Ave Maria will pardon me for passing on the beautiful expression of faith which they quote from the Northwest Review. A Canadian Catholic gentleman sent the following letter to the Free Press in comment on the well-deserved tributes given to Edison a few weeks ago on the occasion of the fiftieth birthday of the incandescent light bulb:

"To the Editor: Now that the attention of the world is focused on Edison's gift of light, I think it would be of value to bring to notice a little oil lamp. A consideration of it may help us to more easily evaluate Edison's work. I refer to that lamp which hangs before all Catholic altars to tell everyone that enters the church that the 'Light of Lights' is present there to hear their prayers and banish their sorrows if they will but approach him humbly.

"The candle power of this lamp is not very great, yet is powerful enough to lighten the darkness of a sinner's heart, and to teach, by its

undying flame, that the Heart of Jesus is burning with love for men. As we enter the church, to our eyes, dazzled with the glitter and sham of earthly things, it tells with its simple purity that real beauty is the truth visible, and urges us to live that we may be worthy of our true destiny.

"It speaks to us of Him who said: 'Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven.'"

WORK TO DO

Statistics at the end of 1928 showed that throughout the world there are 312,000 priests, of whom 200,000 are in Europe. That means that for America, Asia, Africa, and Australia there are 112,000.

Remember now that there are over three hundred million Catholics in the world, and that there are 1,000 millions of souls who know not of God.

Figure that out. Do we need more priests? No wonder someone said recently:

"I know of no nobler work, no more wonderful work that a Catholic could be engaged in, than in helping the Church of God to supply the means for the education, development, and training of young priests."

NOTHING WORTH SPEAKING ABOUT

When the Little Flower was in her last illness, one of the sisters said of her:

"Sister Therese will not live long; and sometimes I wonder what our Mother Prioress will find to say about her when she dies. For this little Sister, amiable as she is, has certainly never done anything worth speaking about."

It was left to God to show the world what things Sister Therese had done worth speaking about. Through the shower of roses He allowed her to let fall, the world has learned the value of "her little way."

"He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble."

Catholic Events

On December 20, 1929, the Holy Father issued a letter to the Universal Church on the promotion of the practice of closed retreats not only for priests but also for the laity. After citing the recommendations of his predecessors, Pope Leo XIII and Pius X, he says:

"After the example of these holy Pontiffs, We wish to add something of our own, by urging a most excellent practice, in the hope of great good to the Christian people. We mean the practice of the Spiritual Exercises. We earnestly desire to see this practice spread not only among the clergy, secular and religious, but also in the ranks of the laity. And We wish to leave this to our beloved children as a memorial of this holy year of Jubilee."

We have referred to this letter at greater length in the Pointed Paragraphs.

* * *

Again emphasizing his title as "Pope of the Missions," His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, received the Procurators General of all religious Orders and Congregations having missions, in a special audience at the beginning of the year. The Holy Father termed the gathering, "the most beautiful audience of the entire Jubilee Year," because it was composed of representatives of the Apostolate of the Catholic Church in its widest and most effective form. The Procurators assembled numbered 80, representing various nations and missionary congregations.

In his address to them the Holy Father made three recommendations. The first was that missions should in no way have anything to do with nationalism, but should confine their attention to Catholicism, to the apostolate, to the care of souls, and only to the care of souls. Nationalism, he continued, has ever been a scourge for the missions.

The second recommendation was that missions and missionaries must occupy themselves primarily and exclusively with the things of God, for, in the words of the Apostle, no one who fights for God should be immersed in secular affairs.

The third recommendation dealt with unity. Missions, missionary works, and missionaries themselves, His Holiness declared, should have ever present that which is the final thought, the final recommendation, the final prayer of Christ Himself on earth, namely, unity.

* * *

On January 11, the Holy Father issued another encyclical letter, the third in little more than 20 days. It concerned the Christian education of youth and stated the Catholic position on the rights of the Church, of the family and of the State in the matter of education. The complete text of it is not yet available.

* * *

In another letter to the Universal Church, written at the beginning of the new year, the Holy Father resumes the events of the year of

Jubilee just completed. He speaks of the concordats formed with various governments, of the bettered conditions in Mexico, the good dispositions of the Oriental Churches which are drawing nearer and nearer to Catholic unity. He refers further to the various anniversaries and centenaries celebrated in the course of the year and especially of Catholic Emancipation in Great Britain. He recalls the canonizations and beatifications solemnized. And in conclusion, acceding to the expressed desire of many from all over the world, he extends the period of the holy Jubilee until the end of next June.

* * *

His Holiness Pope Pius XI has assented to the desire of His Eminence, Pietro Cardinal Gasparri to retire from the office of Papal Secretary of State. Cardinal Gasparri, who is 77 years old, has insisted for a long time that the Pope accept his resignation because of his advanced age and the state of his health.

The Cardinal is recognized as one of the most capable diplomats of modern times. He served as Secretary of State under two Popes,—Benedict XV and Pius XI. He was adviser to the former during the ordeal of the World War, and assisted the latter in the delicate negotiations that led to the Lateran treaties.

During his 52 years in the priesthood, Cardinal Gasparri also has acquired an enviable reputation as one of the Church's most eminent scholars and as a man of great personal piety and humility. He is an eminent historian, canonist and theologian, having served on the historical commission appointed by Cardinal Vaughan to investigate the question of the validity of Anglican Orders; having been secretary of the Special Congregation of Cardinals created by Pope Pius X to codify the Latin Canon Law; and having taught theology and Canon Law in the Roman Seminary of the Apollinare and in the Catholic Institute of Paris.

* * *

In place of Cardinal Gasparri, the Holy Father has chosen His Eminence Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli to fill the office of Papal Secretary of State. He is one of the group of extraordinarily able diplomatists in the service of the Holy See. Particularly his recent important diplomatic work in Europe, crowned by the conclusion of the concordat with Germany, has won acclaim.

As Papal Nuncio to Bavaria during the war, Msgr. Pacelli occupies a central position in promoting the last attempt of Pope Benedict XV, in 1917, to prevail upon the belligerent powers to consider proposals of peace. Although the overture was unsuccessful, the publication of war memoirs is gradually showing how near success this great effort was.

In 1920, Msgr. Pacelli was sent to Berlin under the new Republican Government. His influence there is indicated thus by a London daily paper: "He acquired an influence with the German Government and with German statesmen generally . . . He had a great deal to do with the settlement of the Ruhr Crisis after visiting that area during the French occupation."

Msgr. Pacelli was made a Cardinal on December 16 of last year. He was born in Rome, March 2, 1876, and ordained to the priesthood in 1899.

For a long while General Eric Ludendorff, the famous World War figure, and a small group of followers have been attacking the Papacy, the Catholic Church and the Jesuits. These attacks have been on such a low level that one is almost tempted to ask if it is a normal brain which, in this 20th century, hatches such distorted notions about the Church and one of her orders. Men of taste and education have turned away from Ludendorff, but still he continues his calumnies with meetings and much attention in the press.

Recently he convened a meeting in a large hall in Munich, where he expounded his usual low non-sense. Finally, Dr. Demmel, of the People's Union for Catholic Germany, arose and made this declaration: "We are at the end of our patience. We are not going to tolerate any longer this sort of invective. He who derides the Catholic Church and her institutions, derides us also, and an end must be put to this sort of thing. This is the last meeting in which we shall permit ourselves to be insulted."

* * *

The December 11 issue of Variety, the leading organ of commercialized entertainment, brings information that Australian and Canadian censorship boards have, within the last sixty days, thrown out 150 Hollywood-made films and have completely forbidden the showing of them. The situation has become so acute that the various American film corporations have rushed representatives to Canada and Australia to stem the tide of disapproval if possible. The reasons why these films have been thrown out are: indecency, immorality, vulgarity, youthful excesses, immoral living, etc. All these films have been and are being shown in the United States.

* * *

The Catholic population of England and Wales is 2,174,673, an increase of 18,527 over the previous census, according to official statistics just made public there.

Conversions in 1928, the latest year for which figures are available, totaled 12,372, which number was slightly in excess of the average. Churches and chapels were increased by 22, in the period covered by the survey, and 57 new elementary schools were opened. Baptisms increased by 1,171; marriages by 589; and clergy by 39.

* * *

Three of the four first prize winners in an essay contest conducted by the Anti-Tuberculosis League of Buffalo, N. Y., and in which public, parochial and high school pupils from the entire city took part, are pupils of St. Venantius parochial school, taught by the Sisters of St. Dominic.

* * *

A group of forty French Catholics, headed by former Premier Francois Marshal, have gone to Berlin, Germany, to work for a better understanding between the two nations. The Rt. Rev. Christian Schreiber, recently appointed first Bishop of Berlin, addressed a meeting attended by the visitors and declared that the German clergy and laity would cooperate fully toward this better understanding.

Some Good Books

Daughters of the Manor. By Mary Dodge Ten Eyck. Published by Benziger Bros., New York. 175 pages. Price, \$1.25.

Mary Dodge Ten Eyck, to use a popular phrase, knows her convent schools and knows her girls. And if life at a convent school may seem dull at times to those who live it from day to day, the *Daughters of the Manor* (the convent school) have enough exciting days to make an interesting story. There is some fine character-sketching, too; both girls and sisters are real and living—not pictures that hang on the wall. The five girls who figure in it especially are thoroughly likeable Catholic girls. You simply must meet them again—is what you feel after living with them through this year at the Manor.

Paula of the Drift. By Mary Mabel Wirries. Published by Benziger Bros., New York. 162 pages. Price, \$1.00.

Mary Mabel Wirries is an old acquaintance to all readers of Catholic girls' stories. If you are a youthful reader, you certainly must know Mary Rose at Rose Gables, Mary Rose Graduate, Mary Rose Sophomore, Mary Rose Keeps House and Mary Rose at Boarding School. To know these books is to like them.

If anything *Paula of the Drift* is the best of them all. *Paula the derelict*—a pathetic and yet admirable and plausible character—is the heroine; but she shares honors with others who are equally lovable. There are thrilling adventures in the life of *Paula*—many smiles and some tears—and a happy ending in which pathos and joy mingle.

The Mass of the Apostles. The Eucharist: Its Nature, Earliest History and Present Application. By Joseph Husslein, S.J., Ph.D. Published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York. 333 pages. Price, \$2.75.

Many factors combine to give special appeal to this work. In the wake of the Liturgical Movement now flourishing has come a new interest among the

faithful in the liturgical services of the Church and especially the Mass. The "Missal" is coming to be found in the hands of school children and grown folks alike. As a result there is a wider understanding and deeper appreciation of the beautiful worship of the Church.

At the same time those outside the Church again and again ask the question: But was the Mass as it is offered today, also offered in the early Church—by the Apostles—was it really given to us by Our Lord?

Now this is just what Father Husslein's book aims to do. It aims to present to us the Mass as it was said by the Apostles and the early Church, so that we may see that it is substantially the same as it is offered on our altars today.

The chapter on "How St. Peter said Mass" is especially good in this regard. Not only has he in this chapter succeeded in painting a beautiful and historically accurate picture of a Mass in the house of Mary, the Mother of Mark, but he has done so in pleasing story form, that makes the account doubly interesting.

Indeed, hardly any book that we have on the Mass will prove as satisfactory as this one. It will serve priests very well for sermons and instructions. But it will interest the lay people just as much. The illustrations will help to commend it—and I like especially the choice of illustrations from the catacombs.

Practical Stage Work. The first and only illustrated Monthly Magazine devoted entirely to Dramatics in Catholic Schools, Parishes and Societies. Published by the Catholic Dramatic Movement, Milwaukee, Wis. Subscription price, \$1.50. For members of affiliated clubs and schools, \$1.00.

Anyone who is interested in Catholic Dramatics will profit by this magazine. It offers service to all subscribers and non-subscribers; it brings reports from various schools and clubs about plays; it gives much information and advice.

Some Good Books

The Life of Christ. A Historical, Critical and Apologetic Exposition. By the Very Rev. L. C. Fillion, S.S. Translated by the Rev. Newton Thompson, S.T.D., Vol. III. Published by B. Herder Co., St. Louis. 722 pages. Price, \$4.00.

We have already spoken of the First and Second volumes of this work and that in terms of highest praise. The present third volume completes the work—and that worthily.

In this volume the author treats the latter part of Our Lord's public life, His suffering life and His glorified life. There are seventeen appendices in which some special questions are discussed, briefly but quite satisfactorily.

Here we find the same characteristics that marked the previous volumes: the fullness of the picture presented, the exactness in regard to all details, the clearness and good judgment in all disputed points, and the simplicity and sincerity of the narration.

It will be welcomed by priest and by lay people. It seems to me to be one of the most satisfactory accounts of Our Lord's life—from every point of view.

Fireside Speculations on Some Knotty Problems. By Andrew Klarmann, Ph. D., Litt. D. Published by Frederick Pustet Co., New York. 36 pages. Price, 25 cents.

As a substitute the author offers the following: Theology for Laymen. In brief chapters he considers: The Mystery of Creation; Man: His Creation and His Fall; The Mystery of the Incarnation, and the Redemption, under which he groups brief reflections on The Nature of the Church, The Office of the Church, The Light of Faith, The Channel of Grace, The Means of Grace,—Prayer and the Sacraments.

Sometimes one luminous thought is sufficient to remove a difficulty from a mind that is troubled; and again, one clear statement is apt to put a truth indelibly in some mind. This is, perhaps, what the author had in view. And many

many of his reflections have that quality. The book is small, pocket-size, in fact,—but well worth reading.

General Confession Made Easy. By the Rev. A. Konings, C.Ss.R. Second Revised Edition by a Redemptorist Missionary. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. 47 pages.

The first part of this little booklet gives us in three chapters brief but good instruction on the meaning, necessity, utility and manner of making a general confession. The second part is made up of a detailed examination of conscience for one preparing for a general confession. The instructions are very clear and judicious and being in catechism form will serve the better to remove uncertainties.

A Study of Four Miracles Accepted in the Cause of St. Theresa of the Child Jesus (The Little Flower). By Dr. E. Le Bec. Translated by Grace Haren. Published by Central Bureau of Central Verein, St. Louis. 28 pages. Price, 15 cents.

This little pamphlet is very interesting not only because it reminds us of the wonders worked by God through the "Little Flower" who has so many devout and trusting clients, but even more because it gives the reader an insight into the manner in which the Church examines the miracles submitted as evidence of sanctity. It has all the more force as coming from Dr. Le Bec, a well-known Paris doctor.

Our Last Moments. Official Booklet of the Pious Union of St. Joseph's Death. Compiled and edited by the U. S. National Office of the Pious Union. Published by the Benedictine Press. Mt. Angel, Oregon. 32 pages. Price 10c.

The Happy Death Union has received so many recommendations from the Holy See that its worth is beyond all doubt. It has also appealed so strongly to the faithful that, according to this official booklet, it counts to-day 5,000,000 associates.

Anyone that is desirous of knowing about the Happy Death Union should acquire this booklet.

Lucid Intervals

"Say, Mike, did you hear I had an air-tight dog?"

"No. What do you mean, air-tight?"

"Well, it's half Airdale and half Scotch.

Kidder—I think we should hasten to sign this girl motorist for our freak circus.

Knapper—Why so?

Kidder—Well, she testified she extended her arm for half a block.

Dr. Butcher—I performed a very distasteful operation this morning.

Friend—Indeed! What was it?

Dr. Butcher—A wealthy patient made me cut something off his bill.

Old Lady: What is your little brothers name?"

Boy: We call him "Flannels."

Old Lady: How peculiar! Why?

Boy: Because he shrinks from washing.

"Shay, Frien', do ya know where I could get a posishun?"

"What kind of a position?"

"Reclining."

Tea Shoppe Hostess—Yes, everything we have in this house has been in our family for two or three generations.

Guest—That explains it.

Hostess—Explains what?

Guest—The boiled eggs you served me for breakfast.

Wife: "What do you mean saying I'm stupid. Apologize. Say you're sorry."

Husband: "I'm sorry you are stupid."

One darkey was giving another dusky brother a lecture on ignorance. "You're so dumb," he said, "dat if yo' brains was ink an' somebody done used yo' nose fo' a fountain pen, dey couldn't even make a period."

A colored boy walked into a drug store and asked permission to use the phone. He called "Mr. Jones" and the following conversation took place:

"Is this you, Mistah Jones?"

"Yes."

"Well, Mistah Jones, I saw yo' ad in de paper the other day and you wanted a colored boy. Did you get one?"

"Yes."

"Is he giving perfect satisfaction?"

"Yes, he is very satisfactory."

"Well, Mistah Jones, providin' this heah colored boy don't give you satisfaction, you call me at 504."

The boy said "Thank you" to the druggist and turned to go away, but the druggist, who had overheard the conversation, remarked, "Well, that didn't do you any good, did it?"

"Yes, sah; indeed," came the reply.

"I'se the colored boy what's working down there. I'se just checking up to see how I stand."

A little girl went to the drug store for some pills.

"Anti-bilious?" asked the clerk.

"No, sir. It's my uncle," replied the little girl.

A traffic expert, speaking of traffic jams abroad, says the London chauffeurs enliven many an occasion with their wit and sarcasm. One London driver drew up when he saw a pedestrian directly in his way and very politely inquired:

"I say, sir, may I ask what are your plans?"

A negro cook in one of our southern states answered the telephone one morning, and a cheerful voice inquired, "What number is this?"

The cook was in no mood for trifling questions, and said, with some asperity, "You all ought to know. You done called it."

"Why can't you sleep?"

"Well, you see, every time I fall asleep the jar wakes me."

Redemptorist Scholarships

A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary in perpetuity.

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